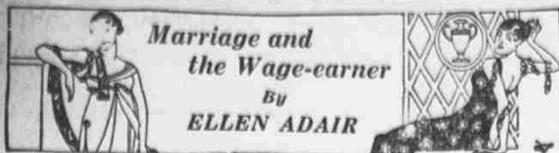


PRACTICAL ARTICLES AND FASHIONABLE FANCIES FOR THE WOMAN AND THE HOUSEHOLD



Marriage and the Wage-earner

By ELLEN ADAIR

Should a Wage-Earning Girl Give Up Work After Marriage?

ENDLESS discussion centres round the question as to the expediency or inexpediency of the wage-earning girl holding on to her particular job after the matrimonial noose has been tied and she is united for better or for worse to some other human being.

Circumstances after cases, and very much depends on the love which the particular girl has for her work, and whether or not she wishes to continue it. Perhaps she is regarding her work (as do very many maidens) as merely something to fill in the time until the Right Man comes along.

In cases where the girl has been earning a larger salary than the man she marries, the giving up of her work seems something of a sacrifice. I have just received a letter dealing with this very point. "I am going to be married shortly," writes a young woman of 25, "and I don't know whether it is my duty to give up my work or not. My salary is \$30 a week, while my fiance makes \$25. We are very much attached to each other, and have been engaged for a couple of years. He is my senior by three months. While I am quite devoted to him, and intend that he have the happiest home in the world when we are married, I yet hate to think of giving up my work. For I enjoy it so much and it seems to have grown into being a part of my life. My work does not take up too much of my time, and I have just the same amount of leisure as does my fiance. So in keeping my job after marriage I should really be letting him have just as much of my society as if I stayed home."

In a case of this sort, it strikes me that it would be very foolish to give up congenial and lucrative work for the privilege of washing the domestic pots and pans and spending long days in solitary state. The woman who is earning a good salary ought to think twice before she gives up congenial work. Much matrimonial unhappiness results from the sudden relinquishing of an excellent business position. For inevitably the girl

regrets the hastiness of her action. She misses the interest, the excitement of her work, and the pleasant little happenings of every day. She misses the variety of faces and the bright atmosphere of her office work. Above all, she misses the financial independence which her weekly pay envelope brings. And this last is the rock on which the happiness of her married life may be wrecked.

For the business girl who has been accustomed to earn a good salary and who hitherto never has denied herself the gratification of spending money on whatsoever her soul is set will find it not only very hard but also very humiliating to have to ask a mere man for every penny she wishes to spend!

The young business woman who writes me concerning this wage-earning proposition does not say whether or not her fiance objects to the continuation of her work after marriage. If he is a sensible young man he will put no obstacle in her way. My firm belief is that the girl who is engaged in thoroughly congenial and remunerative work and who marries a man with a small income should most decidedly stick to her job. For not only from the financial point of view but also from the happiness point of view will she be the better for so doing.

For there is no satisfaction to equal that of achievement, of share in the world's work, of independence. The paragonism of women is a phrase that has sprung up in modern days. And the woman who has to turn to her husband for every penny she wishes to spend is running a risk of being placed in that category. While it may be a pleasure and a privilege for a husband to feel that without him his wife can do nothing, at the same time the wife who has a little money of her own has a certain measure of independence assured her.

The woman who is capable of earning an excellent salary has little to fear in a world of ups and downs. For freedom from financial anxiety and the realization that she has the power to achieve good work are things that form a splendid basis for a happy marriage.

The Daily Story

Andrews of the April Flood

Andrews rose from his seat and looked down upon the girl. He fumbled with his hat.

"I'm-I'm sorry," he faltered. "I thought it might be different. I'm getting along so well over in town and this spring I thought perhaps that we—that I—I might build something around here and—" He paused. "I'm sorry," he repeated.

The girl flushed. She glanced over toward the mountain. It was in the month of April, but the mountain top was still white with the winter's snow.

"I'm sorry, too," she replied, in a tone that showed she was not so sorry as she seemed. Andrews started off. Suddenly he returned and once more laid down his hat.

"Louise," he exclaimed, impulsively, "tell me something. I can stand it, and I want to know. We've grown up together. You can afford to be frank with me. Is there any boy else?"

She slowly shook her head. "No one in particular," she said. "Whether I have or not, I—I—there must be something more in the man that I—I don't know just how to express it. I think you understand."

Andrews smiled in spite of himself. "You mean," he said, "that I wear spectacles and that I don't tan up quite so much as the other fellows in the summer, I am not impulsive. My name is not Ivanhoe, is that it, Louise?"

The girl sighed and looked off toward the white hills. "I do like strong, muscular men, she admitted. She had no hesitation in saying this to Andrews, for she generally said to him just what she meant. Andrews smiled a grim smile.

He had never told her that he held the record for boxing and wrestling in his college class, and he did not propose to tell her now.

"Like John Duryea, for instance," he suggested. Again the girl flushed. For as she sat there, she had just contrasted the two men, somewhat to the detriment of the man before her.

The snow on the mountains melted—melted in a day and a night. The town talked of it. The roar of the waters could be heard far off. Duryea called at the girl's house. "Come down and see the flood," he said. They had been before, but it was at all times an interesting sight. They strolled toward the Long Bridge. The waters roared under this bridge like a cataract. The eye could detect clearly the trembling of its timbers.

"We'd better not go on the bridge," exclaimed the girl, halting just before they reached it. Duryea threw back his shoulders.

"Come on," he said, with an air of bravado. "I'll take care of you." The girl looked at him with admiration and laughed. They went. She shivered as she felt the timber tremble beneath her feet. The man lightly put his arm about her. It was good to feel his strength. It gave confidence. Suddenly he pointed down the road. "Look," he shouted to her ear.

"Here comes Andrews. The girl looked. A mile above the bridge something was coming down. It was nothing but a colossal little spring convocation of logs.

"Your friend Andrews is afraid," shouted Duryea to the girl. She nodded. At that moment something happened. With a roar and a crash like thunder and lightning a few of the logs struck one end of the bridge and it went down. Andrews turned pale. He was impulsive. He was muscular and agile. And as a result, in no time he had sprinted toward the other end and stood on terra firma.

The girl was too dazed to move. The second convocation of logs hurled itself against the bridge. The middle of the bridge went down. On the shore two men watched. The girl had disappeared.

"One man sat himself upon the ground and he stared in front of him. He was a muscular chap. His name was Duryea. The other stood watching and thinking. He thought twice before he acted. Suddenly he caught a glimpse of a pale face and a few tresses of golden hair still untouched by the flood.

Then he did a queer thing. He detoured down the side of the stream for a hundred yards until he caught up with this pale face and golden hair. With a gasp and with it, he leaped far out into the stream, and worked his way through the muddy torrent and over the impetuous logs to the place where he had seen the face of the girl he loved. The log had claimed her for an instant, but as her face again appeared, Andrews claimed her from the flood. And then the fight began. It was the forest and the stream—both raging mad—against one man, and the girl he held within his arms.

By this time a crowd lined the shore. Andrews never knew what he did or how he did it. His iron trousers were rent and fought and buffeted with odds that he had never met before. He fought like a wild man—fought to regain the shore, fought to regain life for the girl and himself. Suddenly there was a shout. One had thrown a rope. Andrews missed it. They threw again. Andrews caught it. Then the crowd held its breath. Then a sudden roar was heard. A mighty shout. There was a splash. Andrews heard it. It was Andrews—Andrews who had staggered up out of the torrent, out of the jaws of death, with his bride to his arms.

Andrews, a man with a broken arm and a broken thigh. Slowly he crept his eyes and looked at the girl who bent over him. "My name is Ivanhoe," he groaned with a weary smile.

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A DANCE FROCK OF TAFFETA AND OLD LACE

PRIZE SUGGESTIONS

PRIZES OFFERED DAILY For the following suggestions sent in by readers of the Evening Ledger, prizes of \$1 and 50 cents are awarded.

All suggestions should be addressed to Ellen Adair, Editor of Woman's Page, Evening Ledger, Independence Square, Philadelphia.

A prize of \$1 has been awarded to Miss H. G. Tague, 3371 Woodland avenue, West Philadelphia, for the following suggestion:

Fill two or three cold cream jars or any wide-mouthed bottles with sea salt and saturate it with oil of cedar. Put these into the closets where your winter clothing is stored, and you will find this is a most effective moth exterminator. The odor from cedar is rather pleasant, which makes it a great improvement over moth balls or camphor.

A prize of 50 cents has been awarded to Vivian E. Neff, 221 East 22nd street, Philadelphia, for the following suggestion:

Before using a new broom, soak the corn end in soap suds until the same is thoroughly saturated and soft, then shake out as much of the suds as possible and stand on the handle end until dry. Cut the top off an old stocking; place the same around the corn end, and any lint which has a tendency to matter how hard the usage.

If the above suggestion is followed, you will find the life of the broom to be twice as long as usual.

A prize of 50 cents has been awarded to Margaret H. Sullivan, 91 East 22nd street, Lansdowne, Pa., for the following suggestion:

One of the unpleasant features connected with the cooking of either cabbage or turnips is the amount of time consumed in the process. This may be shortened to about one-half the usual time by adding a good-sized quantity of bicarbonate of soda (baking soda) when vegetables are put on fire to cook.

A prize of 50 cents has been awarded to H. W. Kiser, 326 South 52d street, Philadelphia, for the following suggestion:

Any one who has tried to get skirts of crepe de chine, silk mullin, soft silk, or any material which has a tendency to draw or slip on the table, will find the difficulty greatly obviated by first covering the table with felt or heavy cloth which will stay in place perfectly well.

Tomorrow's Menu

Figs, Oatmeal and Cream Broiled Dried Beef Rolls, Coffee

LUNCHEON OR SUPPER. Ragout of Lamb Graham Bread Hot Chocolate Fresh Patty Cakes

DINNER. Clear Tomato Soup Cold Roast Beef French Fried Potatoes Spinach Nut Salad Lemon Meringue Pie

Oatmeal and figs.—Steam figs, open them and fill them with hot oatmeal, then serve with cream, or else chop steamed figs, mix them with hot oatmeal, mold, and serve cold with cream or milk and sugar.

Ragout of lamb.—Dice cold broiled lamb, free it from fat and bone, and measure two cupfuls. Brown a tablespoonful of butter in a frying pan, add the same amount of flour, and then add a cupful of stock. Cook a few moments, then add the lamb. Heat slowly, and put on a platter around a mound of freshly cooked rice. Season with salt and paprika.

Spinach.—Cook half a peck of spinach until it is tender, drain and chop very fine. Keep it hot in a double boiler. Mix a tablespoonful each of butter and flour and onion juice, season with salt and a dash of nutmeg, and add to a cupful of stock. Cook until thickened, and strain immediately over the spinach. Serve at once.

Humble Love O happy love! where love like this is found! O heart-felt raptures! bliss beyond compare! I've paced much this way, mortal round, And sage experience bids me this declare. "If Heaven a draught of heavenly pleasure spare, One cordial in this melancholy vale, 'Tis when a youthful, loving, modest pair, In other's arms breathe out the tender tale, Beneath the milk-white thorn that scents the evening gale."

—Robert Burns.



A SMART GIRL'S DIARY

A Fashionable Lace Frock

ELINOR and I leave for New York just a week from today, and we are improving our time by buying a complete summer outfit. I like to buy my clothes early, so that they will look new when I wear them. People who wait until the fashions get settled lose all the joy of originality.

There is a wealth of material in the new summer fashions. Lace robes are in great favor again, and white is seen everywhere. Voile, batiste, crepes, both plain and embroidered, and taffetas are fashionable. I could almost say that taffeta is the only material for evening gowns, but charmeuse and satin are still being used. For the young girl, though, nothing could be more attractive.

Street suits are getting more and more impossible as the warm weather comes, and taffeta, silk poplin and moire suits are replacing them. I was roaming through the shops yesterday waiting for

Mother—she is always late. While I was engaged in this most useful occupation I saw a charming frock. It was made in the fashionable tier style, with yards and yards of wonderful lace to give it fullness. The foundation was of green taffeta. The bodice was made of a stoutly like a camisole, with tiny fish-pink straps over the shoulders. The rest of the bodice was made of cream lace, with a pointed design in taffeta at the waist. The sleeves, such as they were, followed the pretty draped shoulder lines.

The skirt was made with a yard of taffeta and alternating tiers of lace. These formed a sort of tunic over a taffeta foundation. The prettiest thing about the gown was the way the lace was applied to the taffeta, which accentuated the beauty of the pattern. I was just beginning to weaken from a decision not to buy another evening gown when Mother arrived—a half hour late.

AROUND THE BARGAIN COUNTERS

Newest Bargains in Evening Hats A white straw hat, with a Georgette band on the brim. This was entirely lined with small white birds in flying attitudes. The price was \$14.

The Lover's Farewell One fond kiss, and then we sever! One farewell, and then we part— Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee, Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee!

Who shall say that Fortune grieves him? While the Star of Hope she leaves him? Me, no cheerful twinkle lights me, Dark despair around benights me.

I'll never blame my partial fancy, Nothing could resist my Nancy, But to see her was to love her, Love but her, and love forever.

Had we never loved so kindly, Had we never loved so blindly, Never met, or never parted, We had never been broken hearted.

Fare thee well, thou best and fairest, Fare thee well, thou best and dearest, 'Tis but every joy and treasure, Peace, enjoyment, love and pleasure, —Robert Burns, III.

Bonwit-Teller Outing Benefit Funds for summer outings of Bonwit-Teller employees will be provided by theatrical benefit next Monday night. The Bonwit-Teller Mutual Benefit Association has arranged for a benefit at the performance of "The Little Cafe" at the Garrick Theatre.

Spaghetti! A most nutritious food— Economical— And when rightly prepared—delicious! You get it at its best when you buy

HEINZ Spaghetti COOKED READY TO SERVE Italian style—with a sauce that makes it a luxury. Try a can. If you don't agree that it is the best spaghetti you have ever eaten you get your money back. At all grocers. 10 Cents and up H. J. HEINZ COMPANY 57 Varieties

Frantz Premier Electric Cleaner \$25 This 9-lb. labor-saving device is quick, simple and easy to use. A. M. and the Day's Work Done. Leading Stores and Electric Shops. Call them or Market 415 for a free demonstration in your home.

Frantz Premier Distributing Co. 730 Market St. THIRD FLOOR

CHILDREN'S CORNER

A Fairy Compromise

ONE bright spring day two little fairies met out in a big front yard.

One little fairy was named Shadow, because he was one of the fairies of Shadowland. He was dressed in soft, shimmering clothes of dull gray and brown, and so dark were his clothes and so quiet his manner, you would never have guessed he was there—at least you wouldn't have guessed unless you looked VERY hard, and that's something most folks don't do.

The other little fairy was named Sunbeam. He was dressed as brightly as the sunshine, and his manner was as gay and joyous as a summer breeze. As he slipped round over the earth, he got a welcome everywhere, and he always had a pleasant word and a bright smile for whoever he saw.

On this particular morning Shadow had been working down in among the grasses, stretching tiny gray nets from stem to stem. "Now if only today stays cloudy," he said to himself, "I can make me a lovely little home here under this old elm tree."

Just when Shadow was nearly through, and was congratulating himself on the beauty of the home he had made, who should come slipping through the tree but this little Sunbeam!

"Good morning, Friend Shadow," said Sunbeam, with a gay flourish of his golden cap, "and what are you doing this morning?"

"I'm making me a home here under this elm tree," replied Shadow. "See how I have woven my nets of gray? See how I have made my nest?"

"Yes, I do see," said Sunbeam cordially, "but what are you going to do with it now that I am come?"

"Oh, dear," exclaimed Shadow in distress, "you don't mean to say that you are going to stay here and spoil my home! I was so sure that today would be a cloudy day! Can't you please leave some little place for me?"

Sunbeam thought a minute. "Indeed I'd like to," he said agreeably, "but what am I to do? The grass under this old tree sent up word that it needed warmth and sunshine, and my mother and aunt me here to this very spot to spend the day. I wish I could go somewhere else; seems to me I am always chasing you

around, and I don't like it. But I have to obey the sun—so what can I do?" And poor little Sunbeam looked really distressed and unhappy.

Shadow couldn't stand that he liked to see the Sunbeam happy, so he immediately forgot his own disappointment and plans and said, "Don't you worry about chasing me—of course you can't."

"Don't you worry about chasing me—of course you can't help it."

help it! I very well know that. But I just thought maybe we could think of some plan so we both could have a place here. Then the grass could have some sunshine and I could have a little corner for my home. I declare, sometimes in these bright spring days I don't know where to go."

"Of course we can make a plan," said Sunbeam earnestly. "I'll tell you what we can do. You have half the space under this old tree and I'll have the other half. You won't mind moving round a bit if you're sure of staying under this same tree, will you?"

"Indeed I'll not," cried Shadow. "I'll be glad for my half just anywhere!" And so it was arranged. And ever since that day the space under the big old tree belongs half to Sunbeam and half to Shadow—look some time and you can see them both.

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TOWN OF FUNNY DREAMS

THE WINTER REVIEW

Being an A. B. C. Book in Four Parts. This is Part One.

By Bob Williams

The seat on the Program, A Four-Chapter Set Of Funntown Verses In our A-lpha-bet:

A is for Apples That grew on the Trees in Funntown's Orchard— They never would freeze.

B is for Bedtime, The time that we start For Funntown Regions, Aboard the Sleep Cart.

ABCDEF GHIJ THATS MINE

C is for Children That live in the Town Where things are as Funny As Barnum's Old Clown.

D is for Daytime, The Time we most dread; We'd rather have Night-Time— For then we're in Bed.

E is for Elsie, the A Funntown Pet; Now, she is a new one— I'll tell of her yet.

F is for Funny, The way that they look; The Funny Old Fishes in Funntown Brook.

(Chapter Two Monday.)



PORTER BLAMES CITY MAGISTRATES AND POLITICS FOR MASHER EVIL

Director Says Leniency Shown by Minor Judiciary to Men Who Annoy Women on Streets Largely Responsible for Continuance of Nuisance— Women Should Report Culprits, Police Chief Advises.

"The chief cause for the existence of the masher in Philadelphia is the leniency with which he is treated by the corrupt Magistrates of the city."

This was the comment made by Director of Public Safety Porter, after he had read the experiences of a working girl here with mashers, published in the EVENING LEDGER yesterday.

"If every Magistrate before whom these hoodlums are brought would fine him severely," said the Director, "the whole rotten business would soon be wiped out. I do not ask that these fellows be jailed; that would not be necessary for their extermination. But if every man brought before a Magistrate on a charge of mashing was fined \$2.50 consistently and regularly, this annoying of women would soon cease."

"Political conditions here, however, are such a state," he continued emphatically, "that the women who are brave enough to prosecute the men annoying them cannot be sure of justice. When the masher is brought before the Magistrate the ward boss comes along. 'He's my man,' he says to the Magistrate, and that settles it. The masher is either not fined at all, or the price he has to pay is a small one that it doesn't affect him."

Director Porter agreed with the working girl that the job of the policeman is

apprehending the masher is not an easy one.

"The officer," said he, "can scarcely arrest him unless the girl whom he has approached comes forward and says a charge against him. Even though the bluecoat might witness the mashing it would be entirely too risky for him to assume that the man was a masher, because the hoodlum might turn around and say he thought the woman he had addressed was an acquaintance or he might get off any clever excuse to put himself in the right."

"The only successful way to exterminate this breed, and I have no doubt it does exist extensively, is for the girls and women of the city to report immediately to the Magistrate in their own name and to back up their report by appearing before the Magistrate against him. I think if every woman did this, and every case got into the papers, public opinion would be so aroused that the Magistrates would be forced to a more stringent action."

Declaring that he was ardently in favor of woman suffrage, the Director said further that this was one way in which the women who are anxious for the same political rights as men could exemplify their principles.

"Every woman should report every man who so insults her and them, in time, the streets of this city would be absolutely safe for women to appear on unaccompanied."

SOME CONVINCING FIGURES

Concerning THE LIGHT BAKER ELECTRIC COUPE

New Price —\$2475 High Speed —23 miles per hour Long Mileage —50 to 85 miles per charge Light Weight —1000 lbs. less than heavy electrics Low Upkeep —1-4 lower than for heavy electrics

Where can you duplicate a combination like this in a car of Baker quality? This is identically the same beautifully designed, expensively equipped coupe which until April 1st sold for \$2800.

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